WHITELAW

WHO'S WHO!

1945

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FORWARD

It has been the purpose of the school to portray in words and pictures some of our ideals and ambitions and more tangible accomplishments of school life this year. It is our sincere hope, that, whether your are a stranger a member of our community, a past graduate of our school or one of its present students, this volume of the "WHO'S WHO" will afford pleasure and arouse a growing interest in the Whitelaw School.

--- THE ONLY FENCE AGAINST THE WORLD IS A THOROUGH KNOWLEDGE OF IT ---

DEDICATION

WE, THE CLASS OF 1944 and 1945, DEDICATE THIS VOLUME OF THE "WHITELAW WHO'S WHO" TO OUR PARENTS, IN SINCERE APPRECIATION OF THEIR LOYAL SUPPORT IN OUR ACTIVITIES, THEIR UNDERSTANDING OF OUR FAILURES, THEIR INTEREST IN OUR SCHOOL AND ENCOURAGEMENT IN OUR WORK.

--- PARENTS, TO THEIR CHILDREN, ARE HEAVEN'S LIEUTENANTS ---

Teachers

THE TEACHING STAFF

Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Day, Mrs. Eggenberger

"WISDOM IS TO THE MIND WHAT HEALTH IS TO THE BODY"

MRS. DAVIDSON:

High school at Kirby Stephen Grammar School in England; one year at London University, Normal school at Calgary Normal.

Mrs. Davidson left her family and a comfortable home in England when she was only 19 years old and came to Canada to seek her fortune. After a few years of trying to enoble the minds of the younger generation in the southern part of the province, she came to Old Bluesky and found her fortune in the form of a long-legged native of the Golden Meadow district. She left the teaching profession then and only returned to it last year for lack of anything more exciting to do while her husband was overseas with the Artillery. She is very popular with her pupils and their parents and we all hope to see her back on the staff next year.

MRS. EGGENBERGER:

Public school in Edmonton and Last Lake, High School in Peace River, Normal training at Camrose Normal School, Summer School in Edmonton specializing in Primary work in language, arithmetic, rhythmical games and child Psychology.

Mrs. Eggenberger was born in Saskatchewan but came to Alberta at the early age of 3 years. After completing her academic education she taught for a few years until a chap named Eggenberger came along and stole one of the teaching profession's Prominent members. However, she too returned to the profession after her husband joined the air force, and is doing her bit to help fill the wartime demand for teachers. Since Whitelaw is the home of her parents we have hopes that she will be on our staff next year also.

MRS. DAY:

Public and high school in the United States, Normal training at Edmonton Normal School, Summer School credits in Enterprise, Junior English, Junior music, Senior typ-

ing, Intermediate Course of Study, Principles of Education; University credits in English, Political Economics and Philosophy.

Mrs. Day got a yen for the Great North West just after completing her high school in the state of Wisconsin. Her first school was 52 miles north of Athabasca where she really got a taste of pioneering. Since then she has spent 15 years at the same job with short vacations for the acquiring of a family. She agrees that Whitelaw is by far the best school she has taught. We agree with her, of course.

TEACHERS
(From the A T.A. Magazine)

More Powerful than the poet or lawgiver is the teacher who rears both. The key place he occupies deserves a greater recognition; his status a greater elevation and his quality a general improvement. Teaching is not a trade. It is a vocation which none who does not feel the call is fit to practice. Besides learning to impart, the teacher must have love and understanding to bestow.

Few more responsible burdens are cast upon a people than the education of their children. It is not enough to inculcate the three R's. It is not enough to rough-hew an economic asset. There is a man in the making, an individual personality which must be at harmony with itself and its community, developed to the limit of its own potentialities, exercising independent judgment, knowing the good and seeking it.

"Beautiful things he would praise, and receiving them with joy into his soul would be nourished by them and become noble and good. Ugly things he would rightly condemn, and hate even in his youth before he was capable of reason; but when reason comes he would welcome her as one he knows, with whom his training has made him familiar." This is the ideal of education.

THESE TEACHERS

A weather Bureau forcaster at the Washington National Airport, reports that a woman teacher called up one day in March to ask what the exact weather would be on June 28. She was planning a Sports Day for the school.

"We can't tell that far ahead," Said the forcaster.

"What's the matter with you people?" she snapped. "Haven't you got an almanac?"

CLASSES

SENIORS

SENIOR ROOM

MOTTO: "Life is short so make it snappy! !"

CLASS COLORS: Purple and gold.

CLASS FLOWER: Sweetpea.

CLUB OFFICERS:

President - - - - - - - - - - - - - Delia Sheehan
Vice President - - - - - - - - - Shirley Davidson
Secretary Treasurer - - - - - - - - - - Leo Sheehan
Skating Rink Conveynor - - - - - - - - Jack Olstad
War Saving Stamp Chairman - - - - - - - Marie Fox

BIOGRAPHIES:

VERNICE TRIBE: "I may be small but I'm a good friend of pleasure"

She hails from the north and breezes in on Dobbin about 2 minutes before bell time. She likes softball and all sports, hammers away at her studies and has a great ambition to become the best farmerette in the north.

DELIA SHEEHAN: "Just being happy is a good thing".

Our star racer, she hails from an Irish family and has Irish good humor. She is started on her grade XII and with luck will be our schoolma'am in a couple of years from now.

MARTIN KOBASA: "Repose and cheerfulness are the badge of the gentleman".

That guy who intends to be a locomotive engineer

------ LEARNING MAKES A MAN FIT COMPANY FOR HIMSELF -----

when he grows (?) up. He's the slow and steady type that is apt to make it too. In the meantime he farms and studies.

LEO SHEEHAN: "Nonsense and noise will oft prevail,
When honor and affection fail."

Another one of those Irishmen who intend to go places. By 1950 he intends to be piloting a Trans-Canada Airliner between Halifax and Victoria. If he puts enough of his energies into the job, they can leave the motor out of the Airliner.

DONALD HART: "Some men are born to feast and not to fight."

That big lug from Goldenmeadow with a mechanical bent and some skill at everything but grammar. If the girls would only leave him alone, we feel that he would get there eventually and probably become Leo's right hand mechanic.

BARBARA DAVIS: "A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any man's language."

Another schoolma'am in the making. She is well on her way too and has the " get up an' get" to take her all the way. In the meantime she has a bouncing desire to learn to skate. Trouble is - she bounces in the wrong place.

CHRISTINE MEASHAW: " A merry heart maketh a merry countenance."

The Goldenmeadow girl with an artistic angle - or should we say curve? - and ability along several other lines. We predict a future as designer for some big advertising firm, or probably an interior decorator planning us all assembly line houses.

MARIE FOX: "And oft the smallest body holds the largest heart of gold".

Our pianist, the girl with plans for the future and more than enough ambition to carry out her own plans and those of half a dozen other people too. Bad luck is an obstacle which she refuses to recognize.

BETTY YATES: "The 'negative' type of a girl; you never know what will develop".

Maybe she's blonde but she hasn't any Betty Grable ideas about being the Navy's pin-up girl. All told she is of a serious frame of mind and will probably hew herself out a high grade career.

ARLENE WOLFE: "I giggle, giggle as I go"

Another blonde but not altogether a"wolf". If she has a noble ambition, she has never voiced it; but our money is still on her success for hasn't the sage said "Good nature is stronger than tomahawks?"

--- SATAN FINDS SOME MISCHIEF STILL FOR IDLE HANDS TO DO ---

CECELIA PRZYBYLSKI: " You cannot guess her thoughts.
The sure and steady type who very quietly cops top honors in her studies. Whatever her goal is, she is pretty apt to attain it. Music and art are her best subjects, but she manages them all.

MARGARET VASRUDE: "Everything she does, she does well."
The tall Swede who carries herself like a banner. Blonde and a little on the Garbo type, silent but not necessarily wanting to be alone. Her specialty is turning in the neatest notebooks. She will probably end up at the head of a room of pupils, teaching them how she did it.

SHIRLEY DAVIDSON: "Her spirits are like a geyser, always bubbling over" (And what a spill).
Her ambition is to learn 10 languages and become chief member of Canada's diplomatic corps. We predict great success at the languages, but have our doubts re- the diplomacy. However, good nature, like a bee, collects honey from every herb. Her larder will be well stocked with honey.

IRENE LUDESCHER: "Ambition has no rest."
We don't know her chosen career, but her attack on any problem has her halfway there already. Apart from all school subjects she is best at athletics.

HELEN BODNARUK: "Do unto others before they do unto you".
She throws a wicked curling rock and swings a wicked bat. Our guess is that she will be P.T. instructor for the Edmonton normal school when she grows up. First step of course is a little Ju-jitsu hold on that geometry.

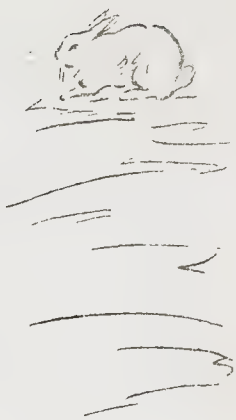
JUNE DAVIDSON: "Good manners are the small coin of virtue".
She may be a lass with quaint and quiet ways but she gets by. Music is her best subject and she is preparing to take over the piano for the school where Marie leaves off. She isn't always bashful either. We've heard her and Shird together and even Shird couldn't make that much noise alone.

BEATRICE ROSS: "To argue is a woman's privelege."
Tests are her only worry, and it isn't the questions that stump her; it's the answers. She's heading for a career to stump Wilf Carter as singer of Cowboy songs.

ROBERT GILLESPIE: "A man's a man for a' that".
Born and raised at Bluesky, he has come to Whitelaw to see how the world lives. Favorite sport is driving a tractor and apparantly is of some use to the world. He intends to start studying the day before tests begin.

DAVID KOBASA: "A blush is beautiful but often inconvenient".

He's the guy with a one way ticket to success. He was last year's star athlete and doesn't intend to let anyone take the title this year without a struggle. He has ideas about music too - so look out Frank Sinatra.

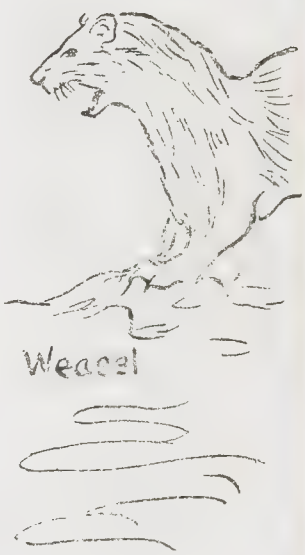


PETER MUMM: "A choice bit of humanity."

He's the farmer from down south who thinks life is a serious proposition - girls too. He's no speed artist but it's amazing how many lessons he gets done. His favorite sport is playing opposite Shirley - dramatics of course.

ART DAVIS: "Worry and I have never met."

"Why should life all labor be" he wants to know. Trouble is - one of these times he is going to pass in spite of himself. He'd rather be a mechanic but in the meantime must struggle along with algebra and the complex problems of metabolism and political conferences.



LYLE HART: "The tough but gentle type."

Genius is entitled to respect and his is due any time now. There is always room for a man of force and he makes room for more. He will never be a professor at grammar school but we expect to see him blossom forth most any time with a new invention for a rocket plane or a frying pan that requires no washing.

ARTHUR SMITH: "Dates are his favorite fruit."

When in doubt ask questions and you are sure to get your notebooks in. He knows his way around however, and it wouldn't surprise us if he asked his way right through university some day.

CLASS POEM

For every student there will be
A Highway or a low;
The clever take the Highway,
And the lazy grope the low;
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.

But to everyone there openeth
A Highway and a low;
And strife in life decideth
Which way our marks will go.

By: Shirley Davidson

WHY SENIORS COME TO SCHOOL

VERNICE: To make eyes at the boys
DELIA: Wouldn't you like to know? So would I.
MARGARET: To get an education.
CECELIA: To become an artist.
ARLENE: To giggle.
BETTY: To find out a thing or two.
SIS: To go places and do things - especially geometry.
CHRISSIE: To kill time.
BARBARA: To help Arlene out.
DON: Just as good a way to pass the day as anything.
LEO: To get out of work at home.
MARTIN: Because of the blonde across the aisle.
BEATRICE: None of your business.
HELEN: For the walk.
IRENE: To study.
SHIRD: To eat the country kids' lunches.
JUNE: To help Shird.
PETER: The boss makes me.
DAVE: To be a musician.
ROBERT: I haven't decided yet.
LYLE: To get boxing lessons.
ART DAVIS: A case of might as well.
ARTHUR SMITH: To argue with the school marm.

By: Barb and Arlene

SENIOR SCHOOL SONG

Tune: "Roll out the barrel"

There's a schoolhouse out in Whitelaw;
Only happy faces bloom there,
And there isn't any room there
For a worry or a gloom there.
We get schooling and no fooling,
But we have a lot of fun there;
We've got trouble on the run there,
And all the pupils say,
"If you want to have a jolly time,
Then come out to Whitelaw; it's just fine,
Come on, you folks, and buckle in,
For Whitelaw takes it with a grin.

Sing a song of Whitelaw;
We'll show you how it is done.
Sing a song of Whitelaw;
That's where we have lots of fun.
Sing about the old school
Where everyone follows the rule;
Now's the time to sing for Whitelaw.
It's a grand old school!

By: Jimmy Davidson

---------- BE NOT SIMPLY GOOD: BE GOOD FOR SOMETHING ----------

INTERMEDIATES

INTERMEDIATE ROOM

MOTTO: "Cheerio"

CLASS COLORS: Red and gold.

CLASS FLOWER: Pansy.

CLUB OFFICERS:

President ---------- -----KAY FOX
Vice President ---------- JOHN EGGENBERGER
Secretary ---------- JEAN BODNARUK
Treasurer ---------- JIM DAVIDSON

BIOGRAPHIES:

EILEEN FOX: "A type all by herself".
Past: Born and raised in Whitelaw.
Present: Struggling to improve her mind.
Future: Farmer's wife.

JOAN TRIDER: "No one can be wise on an empty stomach".
Past: Born in Fairview, raised in Golden Meadow.
Present: Trying to beat Eileen.
Future: The Golden Meadow hairdresser.

MARY BURNS: "A beautiful behavior is the finest of arts."
Past: Born in England but turned Canadian at an early age.
Present: Hoping to pass grade VIII.
Future: Becoming district nurse for the north country.

GEORGE PANKIW: "A man endowed with great perfections"
Past: A native son.
Present: Trying to impress the girls.
Future: Preparing for any eventuality.

---------- THERE IS NO ROYAL ROAD TO LEARNING ----------

ALETHA BRAY: "A demure little miss."
Past: Born in Ft. Saskatchewan but raised in Old Bluesky.
Present: Getting in on time on the Old Gray Mare.
Future: Another Florence Nightingale.

PATRICIA SHEEHAN: "True to her word, her work and her friends."
Past: An Irish-Canadian native born.
Present: Leading her class.
Future: A prim (?) schoolma'am.

ANNE FENIAK: "Smiling is one of the fine arts."
Past: Born outside but lured to the north while very young.
Present: Keeping the answer book handy.
Future: Stenographer to MacKenzie King.

JACK COOK: "I'm the biggest man in Whitelaw; yes, I am."
Past: Born and raised in the north.
Present: Getting tired of grade VII.
Future: Running free shows.

JACK OLSTAD: "A little man may cast a great shadow".
Past: A true son of the north.
Present: Excelling in sports.
Future: Singing Bing Crosby off the air.

JOSEPH PRZYBYLSKI: "They think too little who talk too much".
Past: Born in Poland, beat Hitler to the draw and got out in time.
Present: Blowing his own horn - the song flute.
Future: Blowing his way to a place in the world.

JOE PRZYBYLSKI: "He is a man of a few words."
Past: Born and raised in Whitelaw.
Present: Developing his musical ability.
Future: Accompanying Joseph on a musical career.

COLLEEN REID: "A good friend is better than silver or gold."
Past: An old timer of Whitelaw.
Present: Mostly reading.
Future: Putting Shirley Temple out of business.

JEAN BODNARUK: "Boys - they never bother me."
Past: Putting up with Whitelaw.
Present: Holding her tongue.
Future: Being successful at something or other.

AUDREY CURRIE: "Occupation is happiness".
Past: Another daughter of the Great North-west.
Present: Trying to get through her special seatwork.
Future: Following Aunt Marj's footsteps.

KAY FOX: "Cheerful, kind and helpful."
Past: Another home town product.
Present: Just steaming ahead.
Future: Being a successful storekeeper.

PATSY DAY: "She that hath patience may compass any thing."
Past: Born and raised near Athabasca.
Present: Wishing for a magic mathematical key.
Future: Proceeding with Luther Burbank's work.

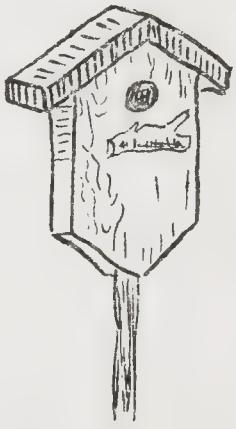
BARBARA FRY: "I don't say much but I do a lot of thinking.
Past: Born in Saskatchewan - an immigrant at 2 years.
Present: Asking teacher questions.
Future: A traveller.

ALOYSIA WALD: "Either I will find a way or I will make one."
Past: Another Saskatchewan product who came to a good province early in life.
Present: Reading Pollyanna.
Future: Crashing into the movies.

JUNE CURRIE: "Be careful of your thoughts; they may break into words any minute."
Past: Made a hurried entrance into the world at Fairview.
Present: Still hurrying.
Future: Singing while she works.

JOHNNIE EGGENBERGER: "A man of much observation."
Past: He jes' growed.
Present: Straining his eyes over mechanic magazines.
Future: Piloting a Pan American Airliner.

JIMMIE DAVIDSON: "Sell your time for money - why waste it."
Past: Blossomed in Golden Meadow.
Present: General handyman for the town.
Future: Running an experimental farm in the ranching regions.



DOUGLAS WILSON: "Heroes are made; not born."
Past: A true son of the soil.
Present: Feeling for whiskers.
Future: A successful farmer.

BRUNETTA WALD: "All musical people seem to be happy."
Past: Born in Saskatchewan but came to Whitelaw very young.
Present: Just singing her way along.
Future: Becoming another Lily Pons.

ELSIE WALD: "I meddle with no man's business but my own."
Past: Another immigrant from Saskatchewan.
Present: Holding down the throne.
Future: Being a good farmer's wife.

DELBERT MEASHAW: "All men have their frailties."
Past: Born in Edmonton but needed in the north.
Present: Practicing to take the sports-day cup away from David.
Future: Johnnie's Navigator for Pan-American.

EDWARD PRZYBYLSKI: "A kind heart is a fountain of gladness."
Past: A product of the Cold Springs district.
Present: Being a model student.
Future: Getting ahead in the world.

GEORGE WILSON: "A man who does his work."
Past: Has lived here all his life.
Present: Toting around his guitar.
Future: Becoming the answer to a maiden's prayer.

JOHNNIE PANKIW: "Genius must be born."
Past: Another native son.
Present: Making good in his studies.
Future: Becoming a school master.

GABRIEL WALD: "How little does a smile cost."
Past: Imported from Saskatchewan.
Present: Loafing.
Future: Lumberjack.

REGINALD ROSS: "Good humor is the health of the soul."
Past: Doing OK at Whitelaw all along.
Present: Still doing OK at anything he turns his hand at.
Future: Member of Parliament for the North Country.

The nice old lady smiled at the little girl who had been left in charge of the cake shop.

"Don't you sometimes feel tempted to eat one of the cream puffs, my dear?" she asked.

The little girl was quite shocked. "Of course not. That would be stealing. I only lick them."

Small boy calling on next-door neighbor: "If that little boy next door ever bothers you practicing the piano, you might try complaining to my mother."

Employer to bungling workman: "This is the last straw, Evans! I'm giving you two years' notice."

SCHOOL SONG
Tune: "Yellow Rose Of Texas"

There's a good old school at Whitelaw
And it's the place for me.
It's the best school in the country;
Just come along and see.
We dig right in and try to learn
The things we need to know
If you will come and try it once,
That's where you'll always go.

Cho. It's the very best old schoolhouse
This pupil ever knew.
We do our work and study hard,
And have a playtime too.
You may sing about your great big schools,
Of Tech or Varsity,
But I'll stick to old Whitelaw
'Cause it's the place for me.

By:Patsy Day

SCHOOL POEM

Just give us a little school
Where we can keep the golden rule.
High walls and fluted tiles,
Tall windows, view for miles,
Stained glass and shining towers
Don't develop mental powers.

Just give us a sunny room
Where there's never any gloom;
A few pictures on each wall,
Not many things at all.
A wide grassy plot of ground
And a few trees standing round.

Just give us the common school
Where we can keep the golden rule.

By: George Pankiw

Imagine the surprise of Mrs. Charles Wegher, Durngo Junior High School teacher, when a twelve year old oy proudly handed her a cigar.

"Cigars are on me to-day," he said proudly. "My og Ludo presented me with 5 pups this morning."

Magazine Digest.

FAVORITE SCHOOLTIME OCCUPATIONS OF THE INTERMEDIATE PUPILS

Jack Olstad - To dream about dinner that's coming.
Jack Cook - Poking around with a compass where it isn't needed.
Mary Burns - Confering with the pupil behind her.
Joan Trider - Worrying about her waiste line.
Eileen Fox - Giggling.
George Pankiw - Getting kicked out of class.
Joe Przybylski - Studying hard.
Joseph Przybylski - Nibbling at something.
Annie Feniak - Giggling over nothing.
Aletha Bray - Taking good care of the old plug.
Patricia Sheehan - Playing with her dolls.
Kay Fox - Worrying whether she will have to do dishes- at home or not.
Colleen Reid - Keeping her nose in a book.
Douglas Wilson - Entertaining Patsy.
Blondie Wald- Readjusting her camouflage.
Barbara Frey - Winding her toy watch.
Johnny Eggenberger - getting in Dutch with his teacher.
Jimmie Davidson - Dodging the girls.
Audrey Currie - Playing with her pigtails.
Jean Bodnaruk - Keeping one eye on Jimmie.
Patsy Day - Working arithmetic and accomplishing nil.
Delbert Meashaw - Exercising his jaw.
George Wilson - Telling the kids how to farm.
Gabrial Wald - Grinning in a corner.
Johnnie Pankiw - Rolling his big beautiful eyes.
Edward Przybylski - Same as Colleen.
June Currie - Just struggling along.
Elsie Wald - Missing school to go to the mill.
Brunnetta Wald - Worrying about arithmetic.
Reggie Ross - Talking to that Currie girl.
Mrs. Eggenberger - Trying to improve our mentality.

LEETLE BAD KEEDS

You bad leetle keeds, not moch you care
How busy you're keepin' your poor teachair,
Tryin' to stop you every day
From goin' an' say w'at you say,
Why don't you do a leetle less play,
Leetle Bad Keeds.

But you leetle keeds, please don't forget
We rather you stay de small keeds yet;
So go aroun' an' sáy w'at you say,
An if you mus' have leetle more play;
For takin' care you teachair gettin' more pay,
Leetle Bad Keeds.

(Kay and Patsy offer apolögies to Wm. Henry Drummond)

JACK C.: Gee I like dancing with you. It feels like I'm just dancing on the clouds.
EILEEN : Oh no. That's my toes you're on.

JUNIORS

JUNIOR ROOM

MOTTO: "Onward Ever."

COLORS: Paddy green and American Beauty rose.

FLOWER: Tiger lily.

CLUB OFFICERS:
President: Chester Day
Vice President: Marian Ross
Secretary Treasurer: Donna Leonard

BIOGRAPHIES:

JEAN CRAIG: "Slow and steady wins the race."
Ambition: To be a teacher.
Favorite sport: Skating.
Favorite study: Reading.

CHESTER DAY: "Greater men have lived than I, but I doubt it."
Ambition: To be a rancher and raise horses.
Favorite sport: Horseback riding.
Favorite study: Memory work.

BUDDY WALD: "Why should life all labor be."
Ambition: To be a farmer.
Favorite sport: Horseback riding.
Favorite study: Arithmetic.

ALMA SHEEHAN: "As a student you shine;
As a friend you are fine."

YOUTH! WHEN THOUGHT IS SPEECH AND SPEECH IS TRUTH

mbition: To be a nurse.
avorite sport: Softball.
avorite study: Reading.

MARIAN ROSS: "A sound head and an honest heart."
mbition: Dress designer.
avorite sport: Horseback riding.
avorite study: She likes them all.

DONNA LEONARD: "She does what she sets out to do."
mbition: An artist.
avorite study: Art.
avorite sport: Softball.

GAYLE OLSTAD: "Industrious, gentle and ladylike."
mbition: To be a nurse.
'avorite study: Reading.
'avorite sport: Horseback riding.

BILLY WALD: "What is life if full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?"
mbition: To be a cowboy.
'avorite sport: Horseback riding.
'avorite study: Writing.

JOHNNIE FREY: "Wisely and slow;
They stumble that run fast."
Ambition: To be a cowboy.
Favorite sport: Football.
Favorite study: Writing.

JOAN WILSON: "Quiet folks, oft know the most."
Ambition: To be a nurse.
Favorite sport: Skating.
Favorite study: Reading.

JOYCE HALVERSON: "Mind is the brightness of the body."
Ambition: To be a teacher.
Favorite sport: Skating.
Favorite study: Arithmetic.

PATSY COOK: "If you cannot be happy in one way,
be in another."
Ambition: To be a nurse.
Favorite sport: Softball
Favorite study: Art.

JIMMY MEASHAW: "When the heart is light, nothing comes amiss."
Ambition: To be a farmer.
Favorite sport: To play ball.
Favorite study: Arithmetic.

JOHN MEASHAW: "I like to work, I like to play,
I like to talk a lot they say."

mbition: To be a storekeeper.
avorite sport: To play ball.
avorite study: Reading.

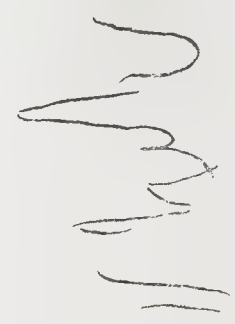
MERVYN KOBASA: "Let me but do my work from day to day."
mbition: To be a farmer.
'avorite sport: Horseback riding.
avorite study: Arithmetic.

LLOYD SEXSMITH: "I will never do to-day what I can put off till tomorrow."
mbition: To be a pilot.
'avorite sport: Hockey.
'avorite study: Arithmetic.

BERNARD SHEEHAN: "Good humor is the clear blue sky of the soul."
mbition: To be a doctor.
'avorite sport: Base ball.
'avorite study: Enterprise.

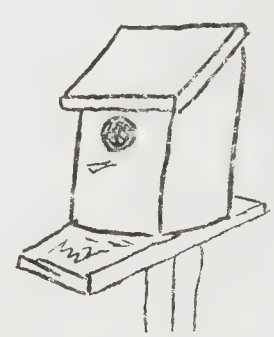
RUSSEL BOLLMAN: "Ideas go booming through the world louder than cannons."
Ambition: To be a truck driver.
Favorite sport: Swimming.
Favorite study: Language.

ANNE EGGENGERGER: "Even on a rainy day, her face is bright and gay."
Ambition: To be a nurse.
Favorite sport: Horseback riding.
Favorite study: Arithmetic.



ANN LEONARD: "A sparkling, spirited little miss."
Ambition: To be a nurse.
Favorite sport: Horseback riding.
Favorite study: Language and spelling.

JOE COUTTS: "No man is happy who does not think himself so."
Ambition: To be a sailor.
Favorite sport: Hockey.
Favorite study: Arithmetic.



JACK HALVERSON: "Trifle me not; I am a man of business."
Ambition: To be an inspector of schools.
Favorite sport: Hockey.
Favorite study: Arithmetic.

ISOBEL ANDERSON: "Aquiet lass, I wish I knew Just what treasure hides in you."
Ambition: To pass her grades every year.
Favorite sport: Swimming.
Favorite study: Arithmetic.

- - - - - - - - - - KEEP TRUE TO THE DREAMS OF THY YOUTH - - - - - - - - - - -

AGNES WALD: "The world belongs to the energetic."
mbition: To be a nurse.
avorite sport: Playing ball.
avorite study: Reading.

JIMMIE FOX: "I want what I want when I want it."
mbition: To be a storekeeper.
avorite sport: Horseback riding.
avorite study: Writing.

KENNIE SEXSMITH: "To much rest itself becomes a pain."
mbition: To be a storekeeper.
avorite sport: Ball playing.
avorite study: Writing.

SHIRLEY ROSS: "A demure little miss with a shy little smile."
mbition: To be a nurse.
'avorite sport: Horseback riding.
'avorite study: Reading.

CAROLINE SHEEHAN: "She is little but she is wise."
mbition: To be a doctor.
'avorite sport: Ball playing.
'avorite study: Reading.

JIMMIE OLSTAD: "Fun is where you find it."
Ambition: To be an elevator man.
Favorite sport: Swinging.
Favorite study: Enterprise.

WENDLIN WALD: "We all have day dreams."
Ambition: To be a teacher.
Favorite sport: Horseback riding.
Favorite study: Reading.

- -

OUR SCHOOL WORK

We have done lots of work this year and had lots of fun. If you would like to visit our room we would be glad to show you our enterprise work. Before Christmas we had a sand table scene of Santa Claus land with Old Santa and his reindeer. We also had some wall charts of Christmas in many lands. But we cannot show you that now. We had to take it down to make room for our other work. We can show you our frieze of carrying supplies to the soldiers. And we have a book of poems that we made up and stories about travel. We can show you big charts of the people and animals who help us travel too. And now we are fixing the sandtable to show the old and new ways of sending messages. There is always art work to show you too; so come and see us anytime.

SCHOOL POEM

Grade One
Just begun
Hope to have a lot of fun.
One, two, three,
A, B, C,
Oh how jolly it will be.

Grade Two
Never blue
Though we have a lot to do.
My, my,
Aren't we spry?
How the days go slipping by.

Grade Three
Full of glee;
All as busy as can be.
Full of perk,
Never shirk,
Dig right in and do our work.

Grade Four
What a chore
Have to study more and more.
Stick out your chin
And dig right in
We can take it with a grin.

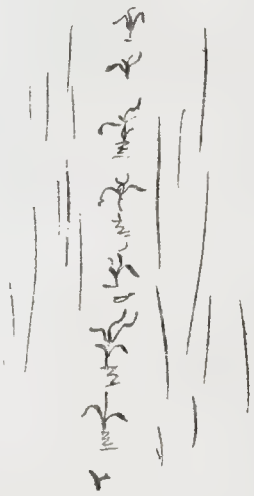
By: The Whole School

SCHOOL SONG

We've been working in the school room
From nine o'clock to four.
We've been working in the school room
Till we can work no more.
And if sometime we've been naughty,
And teacher's in a state,
She can look so very haughty
And make us stay in late.

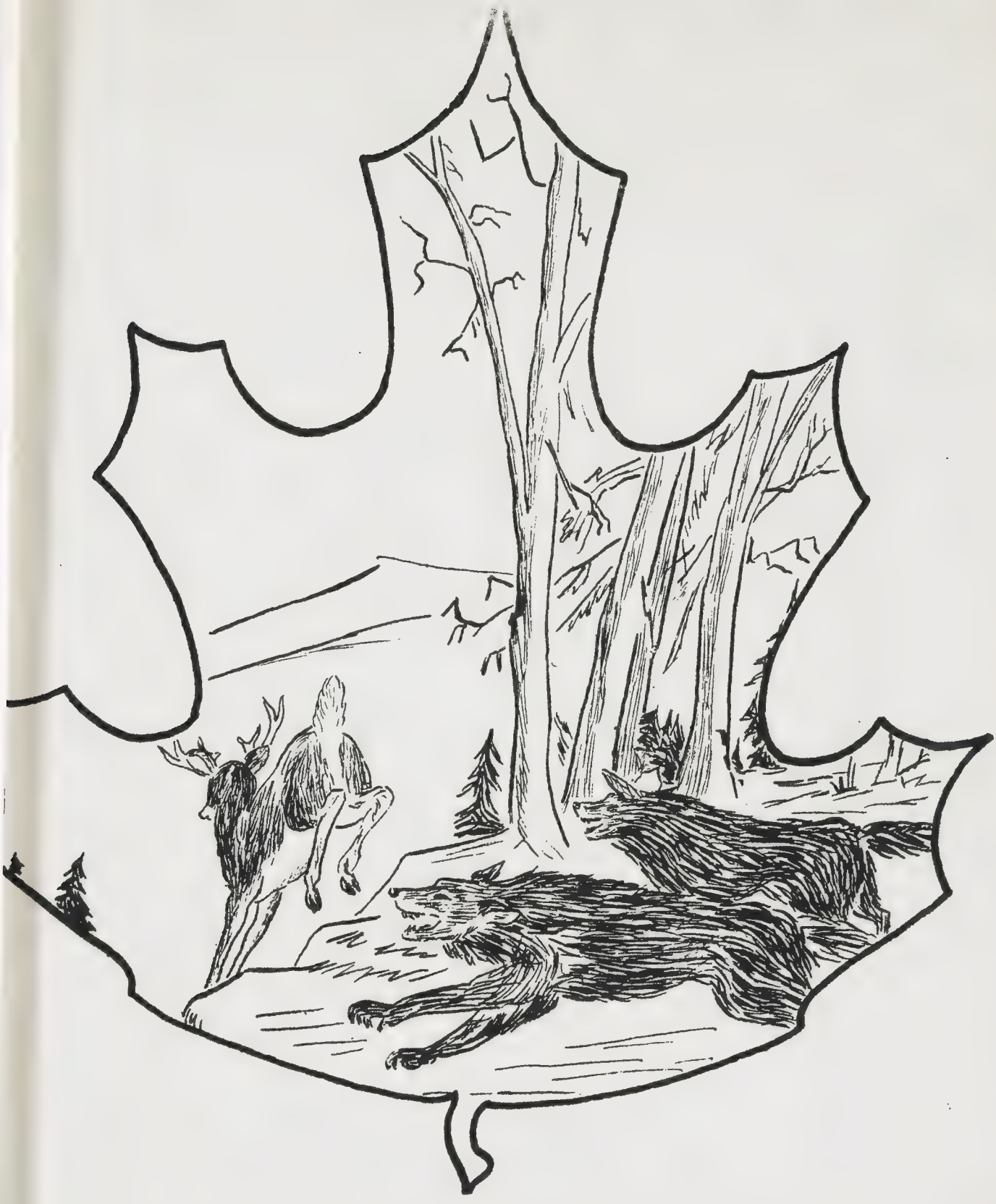
When the weary day is over
And all our books away,
Out we go to shout and holler
And jump and skip and play.
But now the end is drawing nearer,
Vacation's nearly here.
How we'll miss our dear old schoolroom;
To us it is most dear.

By: Johnnie Eggenberger



Mother: (to little girl on train) If you don't be good I'll slap you.
Little girl: If you do, I'll tell the conductor how old I really am.

ALL WHO WOULD WIN JOY, MUST SHARE IT



ACTIVITIES

ACTIVITIES

OUR CONCERTS:

Concerts are welcome entertainment any time of the year. The pupils of the school have managed several during the year and they turned out very satisfactorily, though our goal is "still try and do a little better than the last time."

Concerts are not only beneficial as a source of entertainment to the public but are a very valuable form of training for the pupils. It gives them a different outlook on life to know that they are able to get up in front of a crowd and act. It is valuable training to learn to stand up in front of others and put forth an idea or sway the opinion of the crowd.

During the last spring term we put on a concert of the numbers we took to the musical festival last year. The object of the concert was to raise money to pay the expenses of getting to the festival, but the proceeds covered that and gave us over $40.00 to add to our sports fund. An adult cast helped us out by putting on a play that was very popular with the audience.

In November 1944 the school put on another concert to raise Christmas funds. It was highly successful and the school orchestra made its first public appearance.

Then on the last day of the December term we had a short afternoon Christmas Concert. Each room made a short contribution and the rest of the day was taken over by gift distributers.

The stage has been removed from the hall now but we understand that a new stage, bigger and better, is to be built onto the end of the building. We hope so for we enjoy putting on concerts and believe them a worth while part of our education.

THE BINGO PARTY:

On March 2nd, the students union put on a Bingo Party and Dance. The girls sold lunches and the teachers told fortunes. We had a very enjoyable evening and netted over $50.00 for sports equipment. The Bingo lasted until midnight and then Mr. Grell provided music for the dancers with his phonograph and loudspeaker. It was good music and everyone had a swell time. If roads get into good shape and time permits, we want to sponsor a show and dance before sports day.

WRITERS CONTEST:

The I.O.D.E. is sponsoring a contest for students between Grade VII and Grade XII. There are 5 different types of enteries: an Alberta Essay, poetry, a short story, school paper and a year book. We will have a few entries in each of the first three events and hope to be able to enter into the last two also. All the writers have not finished their entries as yet so we cannot give the names of pupils entering. By the time another year book is out we hope to be able to announce winners.

WAR SAVING STAMP SALES:

Starting January 26th, we organized a competition between the three rooms to see which would make the best progress buying war saving stamps.

The Senior Room quota was $25.75 and they reached it first. The Intermediate Room quota was $25.00 but they have just reached it recently. Most of the work there is falling to the few, so far. The Junior Room Quota was $20.00 and they reached their objective very early in the race. Then to atone for letting the Senior room reach their quota first, those ambitious Juniors just spurted out ahead.

On April first the totals for each room were:

Seniors ---------	$38.75
Intermediate -----	30.30
Juniors ----------	42.59
TOTAL ----------	$111.64

In the race by grades for taking bombers across the Atlantic, Grade II is away out in front with 28 bombers, and Grade IX is second with 19 bombers.

SCHOOL PAPER:

Our school paper, THE WHITELAW WHISTLER, last year was a very important part of our work. It was a successful venture from every point of view. It gave us valuable training in language and newspaper organization and it was also a very good means of keeping up with the current world news, progress of the war, politics, medicine and science.

From the point of view of the district it was popular because it formed our only news paper and we tried to keep all the local events written up to date.

This year we haven't been so well equipped for putting out a paper. In the first place, most of the typewriters had to be sent on to another school because typing is not on our course. In the second place the wartime hectograph refill we are getting is very poor. And in the third place we haven't been able to get a hectograph ribbon for our one remaining typewriter.

However, we have managed to get out single copies of a few papers to pin up in the post office for the public to read. We include one first page in our year book to give the staff of the paper. It will also serve as a sample of what we would do if we had the supplies. Next year we intend to raise funds for buying ourselves a mimeograph machine if it is possible.

THOSE THRIFTY SCOTS

A woman who fasted for sixty-two days
To prove that the stunt could be done,
From hundreds of Scotsmen had letters of praise,
And proposals from seventy-one.

- - - - - - - - IT IS BETTER TO WEAR OUT THAN TO RUST OUT - - - - - - - -

WHITELAW WHISTLER

WHITELAW, ALBERTA APRIL 1945.
DEDICATED TO THE BETTER COMMUNITY WELFARE OF
THE WHITELAW DISTRICT

STAFF

EDITOR:	VERNICE TRIBE
ASSISTANT:	DELIA SHEEHAN
CIRCULATION MG.	CECELIA PRZYBYLSKI
PRINTERS:	LEO SHEEHAN
	DON HART
TYPISTS:	MARTIN KOBASA
	DELIA SHEEHAN
	VERNICE TRIBE
DEPARTMENTS:	
MISCELLANEOUS:	MARGARET VASRUDE
SCIENCE	DAVID KOBASA
	JUNE DAVIDSON
	LYLE HART
LOCAL NEWS	BARBARA DAVIS
	CHRISTINE MEASHAW
SCHOOL NEWS	MARIE FOX
	HELEN BODNARUK
	BEATRICE ROSS
SPORTS	IRENE LUDESCHER
	ROBERT GILLESPIE
	ARTHUR SMITH
WORLD AFFAIRS	ART DAVIS
	SHIRLEY DAVIDSON
	PETER MUMM
PRIMARY DEPT.	JR. ROOM
CENSORS:	THE TEACHERS

EDITORIAL

There will be a federal election within a few months. It might not be a bad plan to have a few ideas ready for campaign meetings. If we want real action from our legislature, the time to ask is before we have elected a member.

Of course there are many important changes needed. The problems of post-war reconstruction are numerous. But we can't think of any problem more important or vitally in need of change than the educational question.

The first step to be considered in the improvement of our present school system is the one of financial backing from the dominion government. The problem of not enough money is forever balking our every attempt to make improvements.

(continued on pg. 2, col.2)

BONSPIEL UNFINISHED

The Mixed bonspiel is still unfinished and it looks as if it will stay that way. March's lion left the scene too soon and mild spring days have made the rink into a swimming pool. The men are talking about settling the matter by playing horseshoes but the women favor bridge. In the meantime the prizes are still on display at Reids.

RED CROSS SHOW & RAFFLE

The local Red Cross branch is sponsoring a show, TOM SAWYER on April 12th. They will draw the raffle tickets for the fruit cakes that night too. The cakes, in the form of lambs, quite appropriate for Easter, are on display in Reid's window. The tickets are 10¢ each.

CHURCH SALE

The church guild ladies did a profitable business at their sale & tea on Saturday, Mar. 4th. They cleared about $14.00 on teas. The sale money went to Mr. Patterson and we haven't the figures yet.

PRINCESS IN ARMY

Princess Elizabeth has joined the Auxiliary Territorial Service and is training as an officer driver. The service is similar to the Canadian C.W.A.C.S.

She is to start at the bottom and come up through the ranks just like any other girl would, according to a stipulation made by King George the VI when she joined.

Twenty years ago this week Germany was invited to join the League of Nations.

Some of the very busiest people in the world are picking up the beans they spilled themselves.

MUSIC

ON MATTERS MUSICAL

At the 1944 music festival, Whitelaw was well represented in the Junior and Intermediate rooms. The seniors have too many final exams to worry over to allow them to enter every contest. Then too the boys are so bashful.

The Junior room got first for their dance and first for the choral recitation. Gayle Olstad won the cup for elocution. In the Intermediate room, Jack Olstad won a cup for the boy's solo and David won first place in the intermediate boy's solo. Mary Burns also took first place in the girl's solo class. The Intermediate room won first place for their play too.

The Seniors got second place for their play and that was their only entry. This year however, they are going to enter a few of the musical event. We haven't done any eliminating so far but we are practicing for a play from each room, all the duets, and all but the high school solo class. The juniors and intermediate rooms will also enter elocution classes and choral recitations.

THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

We started orchestra work this year about the first of November. It didn't give us much time but we managed to get two numbers ready for the first concert and two for the second. Since then we have had one practice a week and have learned to read notes fairly fast. We also know the chords to several popular songs and some of the old faithfuls like "Home Sweet Home". "The More We Get Together", "Silent Night", "Good Night Ladies", "You Are My Sunshine". Then of course we managed to get in a few cowboy songs. "Pistol Packin' Mamma" and "Take Me Back to Colorado" are the ones we can handle best. It is lots of fun and we are trying to learn enough so we will be able to go on alone this summer.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BREAST

ATHLETICS

ATHLETICS

HE SKATING RINK:

At last we got our skating rink. It has been a ore spot with the school for several years. Last year e raised the money, found someone to flood it for us, nd then couldn't get a tank to haul water in.

This year we raised some more money, got the bull- ozer to enlarge the rink and level it off, and then ouldn't hire anyone to haul water. Then just before nristmas John Romanchuck contracted for the job and ot tanks all ready to make a start. The weather man ook over then and thawed things for over a week so that he water hauler was held up. Just after Christmas it egan to snow and every time a tank of water went on the ink it got snowed under. After ten tanks had been just umped on in the snow the best he could get it there, Mr. omanchuck gave up, and it looked as if we were stuck or keeps.

However, the weather cleared eventually and the urling rink well was available, so the school went down n shifts to shovel snow off a good sized area. The ext day we went in shifts again and pumped by hand and arried water in pots and pans and gave the rink its irst good flooding. Then some of the town men came to ur rescue, used the engine and hose and made a rink of t. So we got in many hours of good skating. Messrs. hodes, McKenzie, Halverson and Fox got the thing started nd then Paddy Nash took over and acted as general man- ger and mechanic for over a week until he got a good oat of ice laid.

We wish to thank the people who donated to help us et the rink underway. Mr. Rhodes gave us $10.00 Mr. eashaw $10.00, Mr. Lovelace $10.00, Thordarson Brothers bout 4 hours with the bulldozer and crew. We also ex- end sincere thanks to the men who worked to get the ce on it and Mr. Kyle for the use of his engine. We nderstand that George Wolfe acted as right hand man for addy between van hauls, too.

Next year the Elks are taking over the rink. We ffer them our help and support in any way to make a uccess of the venture. Right now we are trying to get sand screen for the well to insure a steady water upply.

PORTS DAY:

Our 1944 Track-Meet was held in conjunction with he Whitelaw sports day. It was a very successful day nd everyone seemed to enjoy it.

The shield for highest average number of points for he school was won by the Whitelaw intermediate room. The oft ball challenge cup was also won by the same room.

The winners of individual cups for the highest tot- l number of points were Kay Fox and Eileen Fox for the irls and David Kobasa for the boys. This year we want o have our meet in May so that there will not be such rush of work during the last month of school.

- - - - - - - - - - - ACTIVE NATURES ARE SELDOM MELANCHOLY - - - - - - - - - -

CURLING:

A number of Intermediate and High School pupils joined the adult curling club this year. Patsy, Kay, Eileen, Shirley, June, Barbara and Marie were all regular curlers. Helen, Arlene, Jack Olstad, Art, Don and Robert acted as subs.

Our mixed bonspiel got too late a start and remains unfinished. They are discussing the possibilities of working on for the prizes with a horseshoe contest.

As it stands now Mrs. Day's rink is in second place for grand challenge; Mrs. McKenzie and Mrs. Craig have to play and the winner of that match play Mrs. Day for first. Mrs. Halverson is in fourth place.

In the citizens no one is beyond fourth place. Marie Fox and Mrs. Olstad are in the consolation.

BASKET BALL OR?:

The girls decided to start basketball as a serious sport for the upper grades. They sold lunch at the Bingo and helped with the dance to raise funds. A look at war time catalogues, however, has made us stop to think it over. To get one basketball and the hoops put up will cost us $25.00. We can go in for Volley ball at half the cost and have decided to settle for that for the duration.

Tracks

APOLOGIES, "SUSANNAH"!

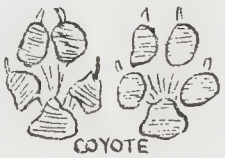
We go to school at Whitelaw;
It's the best school in the west.
We dig right in and play the game
And hope for some success.

Good old Whitelaw!
You're the place for me.
Real sportsmanship can make us all
As happy as can be!

By: Don Hart

TUNE: "WE NEVER STUMBLE"

We never grumble; we never fail;
We all work hard and onward we sail;
Every student's out to win,
Don't let that "sissy-baby" in.
Whitelaw's the school that shines with the best;
Whitelaw can take it; we stand the test;
All our loyal students cry,
"Do it and never say die!"



By: Marie Fox

- - - - - - - - - EVERY NOBLE ACTIVITY MAKES ROOM FOR ITSELF - - - - - - - - -

LITERATURE

LITERATURE SECTION

THE INDIAN

By: Lee Sheehan

The Indian was the wildest man
That ever roamed the range.
He lived at peace in his universe
Until the whiteman came.

He never saw a school house,
But he got by just the same.
He lived his life on buffalo steak,
Until the whiteman came.

He fought his fights in glory,
He never sought world fame.
He never had use for a gun
Until the whiteman came.

His land wasn't filled with sorrow,
Though he'd never heard Christ's name.
He was a son of mother nature
Until the whiteman came.

His descendants are ignorant misfits,
Sickly and scabby and lame -
Those valiant lords of a continent,
Until the whiteman came.

IN THE SHIPYARDS

By: June Davidson

She's up at eight
And off at nine.
She works on the
Assembly line.
Her sailor lad's
Out on the sea
Fighting to keep
His country free.

So she helps run
A big machine
To help that fighter,
Her marine.
Each ship that leaves
The shipyard there
Takes out to sea
Her fervent prayer.

It's late at night
When she comes home,
And she feels very
Much alone.
But still she likes
The job she's at,
For it may bring
Her sailor back.

AR WELDER

By: Shirley Davidson

I'm just a war plant worker
As you can plainly see.
I'm welding planes together
To speed the victory.

I'm not fond of this war work;
Somehow it's not the thing
For girls, instead of men, to
Weld and work at riveting

But my father's over fighting there
With many a mother's son,
Fighting for us and hoping
That this war will soon be won.

So I keep right on welding;
It's just my thoughts that roam.
Who knows? This brace I fix may bring
Some airman safely home.

WHAT IS GOOD

The following comparison of religious beliefs, which
ave struggled for supremacy over mankind throught the
ges, speaks for itself:
OMAN EMPIRE: Be strong - order thyself.
ONFUCIANISM: Be superior - correct thyself.
UDDHISM: Be disillusioned - annihilate thyself.
INDUISM: Be separated - merge thyself.
OHAMMED: Be submissive - bend thyself.
HIESM: Be reasonable - convince thyself.
RISTIANITY: Be Christlike - give thyself.

E WITCH

By: Arthur Smith

I am an old witch,
And I ride on a broom
That I give a twitch
Across many a room.

Scaring! Scaring! Anyone whom I meet.
Then I turn to the black sky above
On my straw-tailed courser, which I treat
With a flying solution, and give it a shove.

I race through the sky
To sweep the cobwebs
From way up high,
And return to my bed.

Spooky! Spooky! I take a keen delight
In giving a nasty scare
By sweeping skyward through the night.
You're simple? Ah - Beware! Beware!

THE NORTHERN NURSE

By: Irene Ludeacher

She was just a nurse of the Northland -
Remember that time of the flu?
When we were all down, up there in the bush
And didn't know what to do?

And then the government sent us a nurse -
A small little thing but neat.
You mind how she bullied those lumberjacks?
But her voice was low and sweet.

She stayed in the bushland then for awhile -
Remember her little log shack?
And the big halfbreed with the sore on his chin,
And Mike with the broken back?

The Indians thought she was loco, sure,
But she always carried her point.
And she left it a whole lot healthier place;
You wouldn't have known the joint.

What became of her? Man, don't you know?
She's here in Holland too,
Right out there with the mobile camp,
And boy, she finds plenty to do.

And she knows how to handle those Tommies too;
She's made of the right kind of stuff.
She patches them up and they eat from her hand,
No matter how wretched or tough.

But she will go back to the north some day,
And buddy, for better or worse,
If some other soldier don't beat my time,
I'll marry that northland nurse.

LESSONS

By: Mary Burns

Six months ago
We did not know
A doggone thing about all this:
We could not spell
Nor read too well;
And in our math we could not tell
Old Euclid from Pythagoris.

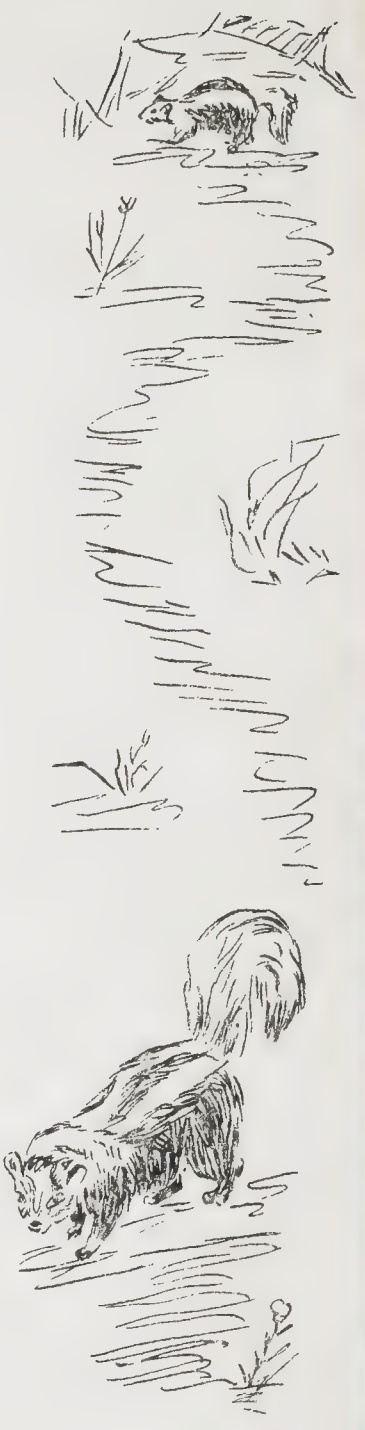
And what a change!
How passing strange,
This sudden Grade VIII passion
To pass the test
And never rest
But dig right in and do our best
And not just any fashion.

Sad is his lot who, once in his life at least, has not been a poet.

TISSOURI MIKE By: Christine Measha

I bin livin' in the Ozarks for some eighty years or more,
An' aint never had no ailments that my granny couldn't cure.
She used to spit tobbaccer juice where rattle snakes had bit,
An' brew some tea from cactus leaves when we wa'nt feelin' fit.
But Granny up an' died on us about a year ago,
An' then my joints got achin' an' my breathin' seemed some slow.
I'd heard about these hospitals an' doctorin' an all -
So I hiked to Kansas City for a gen'ral overhaul.

Then a "disinfected" doctor, an' a "carbolated" nurse
Came in to analyse" me, an' they got me feelin worse.
They kind o' looked me over, flabbergasted, real surprised!
'Why, he aint been vaccinated! An' he aint been vitamized!"
Then they sterilized a needle an' jabbed it at my arm -
But I thought I'd see the show through, an' I didn't give a darn;
For my bones they was a achin' an' my heart seemed 'bout to stop;
So the hormones that they give me - I guzzled every drop.
For nigh two weeks I stayed there, clean an' sterilized,
With not one drop o' cactus tea nor the 'baccy that I prized.
They steeped me in "neostigmine" an' "sulfathiazole",
Sez I had psittacoses an' prob'ly ornithole.
I thought, "Gee whiz! I must be ruined, an' it's good I come to town,"
But somehow I wa'nt no better for the capsules they shoved down.
'You need quinine," sez the doctor, "an' some sulfa - nilamide".
I bit that capsule right in half. By gosh! I nearly died.
'Now look!" I sez, "You've had your fun, You've killed me pretty near.
And now by gosh, give me my pants. I'm gettin' outa here.
I'm sick o' disinfectants an' a capsule aint no use.
I'm headin' back to cactus tea an' good tobaccer juice!



THE REAR GUNNER'S GOOD-BYE By: Margaret Vasrude

He came to say "good-bye" today.
So gay - yet so full grown.
He showed two stripes and an eagerness
To fly the vast unknown.

Over)

Rear Gunner (continued)

He came to say a few last words
Which he said with a boyish grin.
You'd never suspect that a week from now
Death would ride every plane he's in.

I suppose many sweethearts, mothers and wives
Have shared this bitter hour,
When the man in their lives sails off through
the skies
Secure in his sense of power.

Good-bye then, man of the turret gun!
We can only wait and pray
That God in His goodness and mercy
Will bring you back some day.

MUD: By: Cecelia Przybylski

Mud is such a pleasant thing
In the ditch along the road,
Especilly to a fellow who
Has just turned eight years old.

Why do mothers shout at boys
When mud gets on their hair?
Or a little on their collar?
Or practically anywhere?

Rafts are such exciting things
To cross a mucky slough.
Just come on and try it once;
You'll find it all too true.

And if it happens to upset
And we get some mud behind,
Why that's the most exciting part!
Why do mothers always mind?

And what's the good of puddles,
If you cannot make them splash?
Or try to jump across them
And come down with a crash?

And what's the fun of rubber boots
If you must not step in deep,
To let the water run inside
And gurgle round your feet?

God had a use for everything
He made upon the earth,
But mothers just can't seem to see
How much a puddle's worth.

MY PONY

It's the twitch of his ears and the arch of his neck
And the look of real love in his eyes;
Although to the world I am just a cowpoke,
To my pony I'm noble and wise.

I sit by a campfire, way out on the plains,
And he comes up to nuzzle my knee.
My life is as carefree and clear as the night
Or the owls hooting merrily.

Sometimes I am tempted to slap him or scold,
But the look in his eyes seems to say,
"Come on! Be the man that your horse thinks you are;
I was only trying to play."

By: Beatrice Ross

JUNIOR JINGLES

THE PACK HORSE:

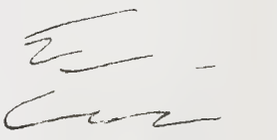
By: Chester Day

The pack horse is all loaded and is ready for the trail.
He doesn't need a highway or he doesn't need a rail.
He doesn't need gasoline or doesn't need tires.
He doesn't need a monkey wrench or screwdriver or pliers.
He gets his food and water as he goes along the way
I'd rather have a packhorse any old day.

THE TRAIN

By: Jean Craig

Through the night and through the snow,
It carries people to and fro.
The train let out a roar
As through the night it tore.
Packages large and small,
From the express car fall.



MY DOG

By: Anne Eggenberger

I had a little dog, her name was Daisy.
She chased me around till I nearly went crazy.

MY SLEIGH

By: Joan Wilson

I have a sleigh; it gives me lots of fun.
Every time I go away, my dog comes on the run.

THE JINRICKSHAW

By: Gayle Olstad

The jinrickshaw is pulled by a Chinese man;
He goes along as fast as he can.
It is a little two-wheeled cart,
And through the traffic it can dart.

TRAVEL

By: Grades I & II

I have a pony; he is very bony.
He doesn't take me far; I think I'll have to get a car.
I heard a noise up in the sky;
And there was an airplane flying up high.

Trains go on the railroad track; cars go on the roads.
Horses go most anywhere, pulling heavy loads.

- - - A LITTLE NONSENSE NOW AND THEN IS RELISHED BY THE BEST OF MEN - - -

HUMOR

THE FUN SECTION

A good minister, awaiting the appearance of the lady of the house, spoke to the little girl standing nearby.

"What is that, my dear?"

"My apron," replied the little girl. "I'm going to put it in the wash. Mamma got it all dirty."

"She did?"

"Yes, sir; she grabbed it up just now to dust off the Bible."

JACK H.: (who has eaten his apple) Let's play Adam and Eve.

JOYCE: How do you play that, Jacky?

JACK: Well, you tempt me to eat your apple and I'll give in.

MRS. DAY: What is it that comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb?

LAURA ANN: Father.

LYLE: You know Alf, I started to raise a beard like you once but when I realized how it made me look, I cut it off.

ALF KNUDSON: You know Lyle, I had a face like yours once and when I realized that I couldn't cut it off, I raised this beard.

ONLY QUISLINGS RIDE OVER HERE

A Dutch comedian comes crawling upon the stage and in this attitude tells his audience: "Two years ago I had a motor car. Then we were not allowed any gas and I bought a bicycle. But my tires could not be replaced so I had to walk. But I couldn't get any leather to have my shoes resoled and so you see - I am now crawling. (then standing erect) But if I had started to crawl two years ago, immediately after the Germans occupied our country, Why, I'm sure I would still be driving my car."

President Roosevelt is reported to have enjoyed the following parrot yarn so much that he shared it with Prime Minister Churchill:

A sailor walked into an auction shop as the auctioneer was asking for bids on a parrot.

"Fifteen dollars," said the sailor.

"Twenty," said another bidder.

"Twenty-five," said the sailor.

"Forty", said the other bidder.

"Forty-five," said the sailor. No other bids were heard and it was sold.

As the sailor passed over the money and took the cage, he said, "That's an awful price to pay for a parrot. Can he talk?"

"Can he talk? Why, sailor, he was bidding against you.

A MAN WITHOUT MIRTH IS LIKE A WAGON WITHOUT SPRINGS

MRS. EGGENBERGER: Delbert, if a man buys an article for $12.25 and sells it for $9,75 does he gain or lose?
DELBERT: (after some deep thought) He gains on the cents but loses on the dollars.

- - - - - - -

SHIRLEY: (Visiting Sheehan's farm) Oh, what a strange looking cow. But why hasn't she any horns?
LEO: Well, you see some cows are born without horns and never have any, and others shed theirs, and some we dehorn, and some breeds aren't supposed to have horns. There's a lot of reasons why some cows haven't got horns. But the reason why that cow hasn't any is because she isn't a cow; she's a horse.

- - - - - - -

GRANDMA: How did Reggie make out in his history exam last week?
MOTHER: Not very well, but it wasn't his fault at all.
GRANDMA: How do you account for that?
MOTHER: His teacher asked him questions that happened before the poor boy was even born. You couldn't expect him to know all the things that happened then.

- - - - - - -

MOTHER DUCK: Why, Doug!
FATHER DUCK: I was just flying across the school yard and the strip tease boys caught me.

MRS. DAY: Martin! Why get such a silly expression on your face when I'm trying to take your picture?

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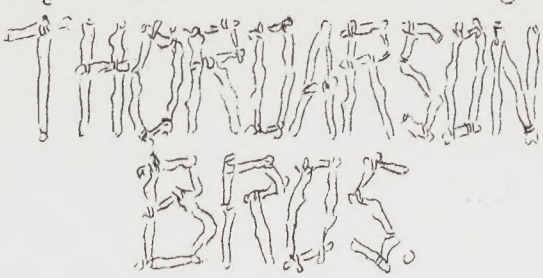

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